This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

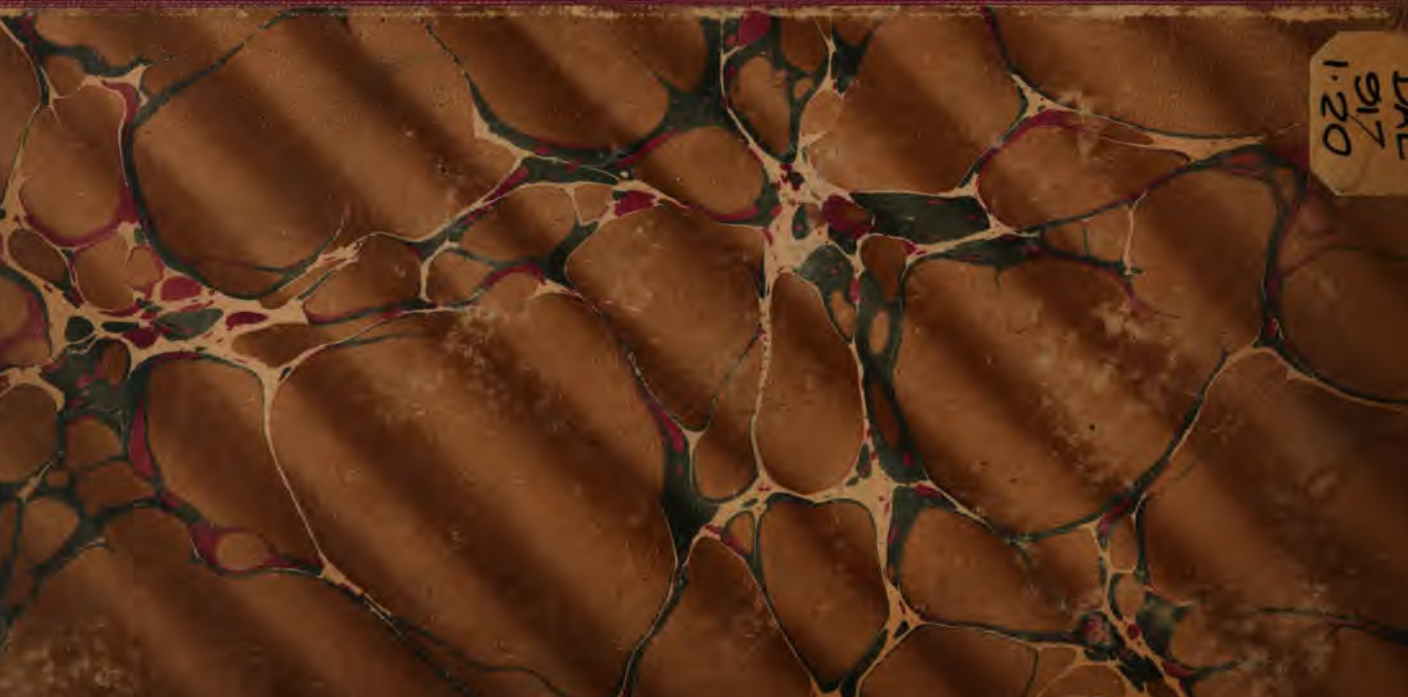
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Baker - Capuletta - 1865



DAL 917.1.20

Harvard College Library

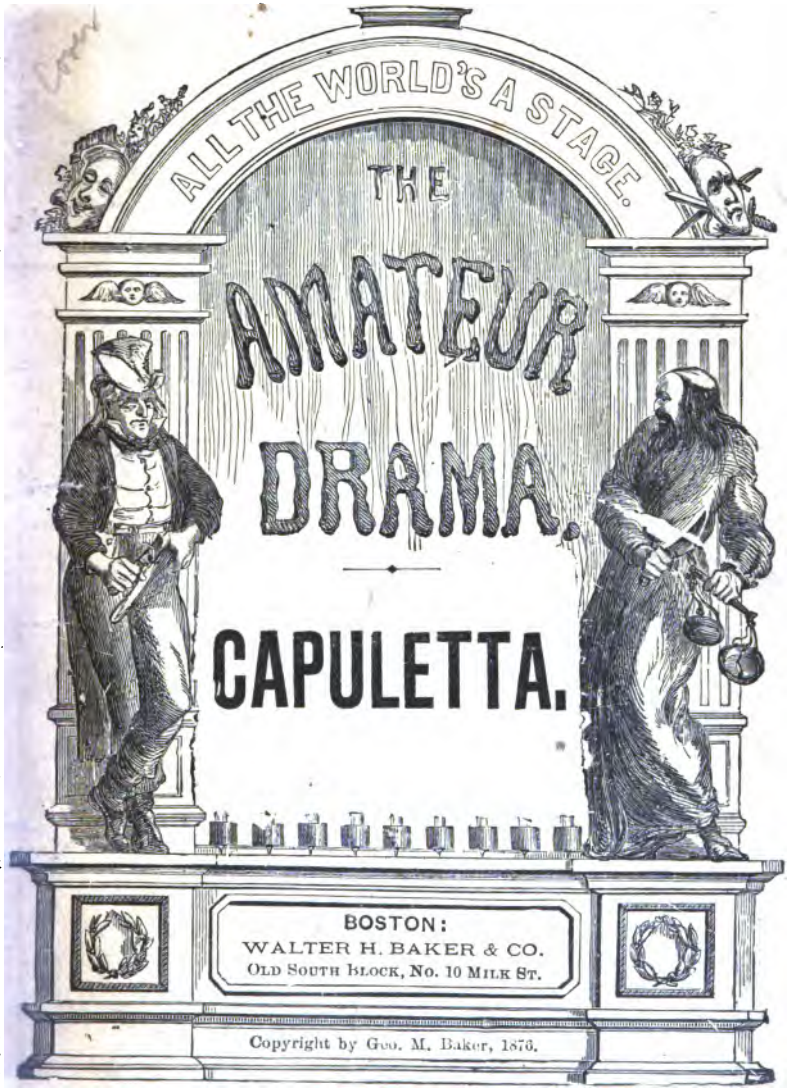
FROM

Robert S. Hoyes

GEO. M. BAKER'S NEW PLAYS.

THE FLOWING BOWL.—Three Acts. Price, 25 cts.
NEVADA; or, The Lost Mine.—Three acts. Price, 25 cts.
PAST REDEMPTION.—Four acts. Price, 25 cts.
COMRADES.—Three acts. Price, 25 cts.
TITANIA.—A Fairy Play for Children, in two acts. Price, 25 cts.
OUR FOLKS.—Three acts. Price, 15 cts.
REBECCA'S TRIUMPH.—Female Characters only. Price, 25 cts.

Other New Plays:
SANTA CLAUS THE FIRST.—A Christmas Play for Children, by F. E. Chase. Price, 25 cts.
A GAME OF DOMINOS.—A Comedy, in one act. Price, 15 cts.
THE STOLEN WILL.—A Comedy Drama, in three acts. Price, 15 cents.



Plays for Amateur Theatricals.

BY GEORGE M. BAKER,

Author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "The Social Stage," "The Drawing-Room Stage," "Handy Dramas," "The Exhibition Drama," "A Baker's Dozen," etc.

Titles in this Type are New Plays.

Titles in this Type are Temperance Plays.

DRAMAS.

In Four Acts.

Better Than Gold. 7 male, 4 female char. 25

In Three Acts.

Our Folks. 6 male, 5 female char. . . 15
The Flower of the Family. 5 male, 3 female char. 15
ENLISTED FOR THE WAR. 7 male, 3 female characters. 15
MY BROTHER'S KEEPER. 5 male, 3 female char. 15
The Little Brown Jug. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

In Two Acts.

Above the Clouds. 7 male, 3 female characters. 15
One Hundred Years Ago. 7 male, 4 female char. 15
AMONG THE BREAKERS. 6 male, 4 female char. 15
BREAD ON THE WATERS. 5 male, 3 female char. 15
DOWN BY THE SEA. 6 male, 3 female char. 15
ONCE ON A TIME. 4 male, 2 female char. 25
The Last Loaf. 5 male, 3 female char. 25

In One Act.

STAND BY THE FLAG. 5 male char. . . 15
The Tempter. 3 male, 1 female char. 15

COMEDIES AND FARCES.

A Mysterious Disappearance. 4 male, 3 female char. 25
Paddle Your Own Canoe. 7 male, 3 female char. 25
A Drop too Much. 4 male, 2 female characters. 15
A Little More Cider. 5 male, 3 female char. 15
A THORN AMONG THE ROSES. 2 male, 6 female char. 15
NEVER SAY DIE. 3 male, 3 female char. 15
SEEING THE ELEPHANT. 6 male, 3 female char. 15
THE BOSTON DIP. 4 male, 3 female char. 15
THE DUCHESS OF DUBLIN. 6 male, 4 female char 15
THIRTY MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS. 4 male, 3 female char 15
We're all Teetotalers. 4 male, 2 female char 15

Male Characters Only.

A CLOSE SHAVE. 6 char. 15
A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR. 6 char. 15
A SEA OF TROUBLES. 8 char. 15

COMEDIES, &c., continued.

Male Characters Only.

A TENDER ATTACHMENT. 7 char. . . . 15
COALS OF FIRE. 4 char. 15
FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. 8 char. . . . 15
Shall Our Mothers Vote? 11 char. 15
GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY. 12 char. . . 15
HUMORS OF THE STRIKE. 8 char. . . 15
MY UNCLE THE CAPTAIN. 6 char. . . 15
NEW BROOMS SWEEP CLEAN. 6 char. . 15
THE GREAT ELIXIR. 9 char. 15
THE HYPOCHONDRIAC. 5 char. 15
The Man with the Demijohn. 4 char. 15
THE RUNAWAYS. 4 char. 15
THE THIEF OF TIME. 6 char. 15
WANTED, A MALE COOK. 4 char. . . . 15

Female Characters Only.

A LOVE OF A BONNET. 5 char. . . . 25
A PRECIOUS PICKLE. 6 char. 15
NO CURE NO PAY. 7 char. 15
THE CHAMPION OF HER SEX. 8 char. . 15
THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE. 8 cha. 15
THE GRECIAN BEND. 7 char. 15
THE RED CHIGNON. 6 char. 15
USING THE WEED. 7 char. 15

ALLEGORIES.

Arranged for Music and Tableaux.

LIGHTHEART'S PILGRIMAGE. 8 female char. 15
THE REVOLT OF THE BEES. 9 female char. 15
THE SCULPTOR'S TRIUMPH. 1 male, 4 female char. 15
THE TOURNAMENT OF IDYLCOURT. 20 female char. 25
THE WAR OF THE ROSES. 8 female char. 25

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AN ORIGINAL IDEA. 1 male, 1 female char, ... 25
BONBONS; OR, THE PAINT KING. 6 male, 1 female char. 25
CAPULETTA; OR, ROMEO AND JULIET RESTORED. 5 male, 1 female char. . 25
SANTA CLAUS' FROLICS. 25
SNOW-BOUND; OR, ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGENE. 3 male, 1 female char. 25
THE MERRY CHRISTMAS OF THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE. . . 25
THE PEDLER OF VERY NICE. 7 male char. 15
THE SEVEN AGES. A Tableau Entertainment. Numerous male and female char. 15
TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN. 2 male char. 15
THE VISIONS OF FREEDOM. 11 female char. 25

WALTER H. BAKER & CO., Old South Block, No. 10 Milk St., Boston.

CAPULETTA.

A BURLESQUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Better Than Gold," "Our Folks," "The Flower of the Family," "Enlisted for the War," "My Brother's Keeper," "The Little Brown Jug," "Above the Clouds," "One Hundred Years Ago," "Among the Breakers," "Bread on the Waters," "Down by the Sea," "Once on a Time," "The Last Loaf," "Stand by the Flag," "The Tempter," "A Mysterious Disappearance," "Paddle Your Own Canoe," "A Drop too Much," "A Little More Cider," "A Thorn Among the Roses," "Never Say Die," "Seeing the Elephant," "The Boston Dip," "The Duchess of Dublin," "Thirty Minutes for Refreshments," "We're all Teetotalers," "A Close Shave," "A Public Benefactor," "A Sea of Troubles," "A Tender Attachment," "Coals of Fire," "Freedom of the Press," "Shall Our Mothers Vote?" "Gentlemen of the Jury," "Humors of the Strike," "My Uncle the Captain," "New Brooms Sweep Clean," "The Great Elixir," "The Hypochondriac, "The Man with the Demijohn," "The Runaways," "The Thief of Time," "Wanted, a Male Cook," "A Love of a Bonnet," "A Precious Pickle," "No Cure no Pay," "The Champion of Her Sex," "The Greatest Plague in Life," "The Grecian Bend," The Red Chignon," "Using the Weed," "Lightheart's Pilgrimage," "The Revolt of the Bees," "The Sculptor's Triumph," "The Tournament of Idylcourt," "The War of the Roses," "An Original Idea," "Bonbons," "Capuletta," "Santa Claus' Frolics," "Snow-Bound," "The Merry Christmas of the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," "The Pedler of Very Nice," "The Seven Ages," "Too Late for the Train," "The Visions of Freedom," "Rebecca's Triumph," "Comrades," "Past Redemption," "Nevada," &c., &c.

BOSTON

Walker, H. Baker & Co.

DAL 917.1.20
v

HARVARD
Jun 24, 1929
LIBRARY
Robert G. Noyes,
Cambridge.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1868,
BY GEORGE M. BAKER,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

BOSTON:
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
RAND, AVERY, & CO.

CAPULETTA;

OR,

ROMEO AND JULIET RESTORED.

AN OPERATIC BURLESQUE.

CHARACTERS.

CAPULET, a Gentleman of Verona.
ROMEO, } Gay Lords of Verona.
MERCUTIO, }
JULIET, Capulet's Fair Daughter.

Costumes to suit the taste of the performers.

SCENE 1. *Garden in front of* CAPULET'S *house. Door,* C. *Balcony (the balcony is a shed with poles and lines filled with clothes drying),* R. C. *Set bushes or trees,* L. C. *Enter* CAPULET, C., *in dressing-gown, carrying a lantern.*

Cap. Now is the winter of my discontent
Made glorious summer by this dark night sent,
And all the troubles gathering o'er my house
In inky darkness I may bid *varmouse.*
Now on my brows my night-cap sets at ease;
My bruised arms no more my *fire*-arms seize;
No stern alarms to wake me from a nap,

To spring wild rattles, and revolvers snap;
Stern visaged war — Why, what am I about?
I did not come out, Richard III. to spout.
I am the father of a daughter dear, —
Dear! yes, she costs a thousand pounds a year.
They call her fair, they praise her auburn tresses,
And go in raptures o'er her handsome dresses.
Her hats outdo Verona's richest lasses —
So small they can't be seen without opera glasses.
She sports in silks and satins of the best
That can be made by Madam Demorest.
Verona's gallants seek to flirt and flout
With this dear *gal*, when'er her *aunt* is out.
They'd like to catch her with a wedding-ring;
And so they come at night to spout and sing.
But I won't have it: under lock and key,
This floating *belle* shall *ring* for none but me.
I am her father; and my lawyer knows,
Paying for her dresses, I can keep her *close*.
All's safe to-night, and so I'll tramp to bed —

(*Moon rises.*)*

What's that? the moon is rising overhead,
And coming up in such a smashing way,
It rival's the Museum's famous Peep o'Day.
So I'll to bed, and should marauders roam,
Let them beware; for Capulet's at home. [*Exit*, C.

---

* Half a cheese box covered with cotton cloth, on which is painted a very jolly face, with the letters S. T. 1860 X. upon it, illuminated by a candle placed behind, and drawn up by a pully and string, is the original moon prepared for this piece.

JULIET *appears on balcony with a jar of pickled limes.*

Song, "Juliet." *Air*, "*No one to Love.*"

No one to woo, none to address
A tender young maid in the greatest distress.
Hard is my lot; beaux I have none;
On this piazza I'm sitting alone.
No gentle man, no tender lad,
Comes here to woo: 'tis really too bad.
No one to woo, none to address
A tender young maid in the greatest distress.
Hard is my lot, beaux I have none;
On this piazza I'm sitting alone.

Jul. Ah, me! Ah, me! Ah, me! Oh, my!
I cannot sleep, nor tell the reason why.
'Tis now the very *witching* hour of night,
Which is to say, it would be if 'twas light.
Why, there's the moon, quite dear to me, I'm sure:
I never felt she was so *near* before.
O beauteous queen! descend from thy high sphere,
And taste a pickled lime with me, my dear.
I'll tell thee lots of scandal and of fashion,
And whisper in thine ear my tale of passion;
For I'm in love; in love with a dear feller
I met one night while seeing Cinderella.
Oh, such a dear! dear me, I'm in a flutter.
He's young and rich, and sweet as fresh June butter:
His name is Romeo; he's the idol of the town;
I'll sing his praise. Prythee, dear, come down.

ROMEO (*outside*), L. *sings.*

We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,

We won't go home till morning,
Till Juliet doth appear.

Enter ROMEO *and* MERCUTIO, L.

Mer. Shut up, old chap, this strain will never do:
'Twill get us both locked up in Station Two.
Rom. Mercuth, old chap, I'll own I'm rather airy,
And feel as limber as a Black-Crook fairy.
'S all right, old fel', I'm deuced glad you're here:
Fact is, I hardly know which way to steer.
Mer. Oh, ho! I see King Lager's been with you,
And on his beer you're settled fast and true.
He is the Dutchman's idol, and he puffs
In shape as monstrous as Jack Falstaff's stuffs.
His throne's a monstrous cask of his own brew,
With courtiers drawing him by two and two.
His crown Dutch cheese, his sceptre's a Bologna.
His subjects — well, they're *mustered* in Verona.
His drink is Bock, his food is sour krout,
Pretzels his lunch, his night-cap, gin, without.
And in this guise he keeps a jolly pace,
Shaking his sides, a grin upon his face.
Great in our land as is our famous eagle,
He sings in opera, and he fights mit Sigel.
Rom. Steady, my boy, your really getting dry.
My stars! old fellow, what's that in the sky?
Mer. The moon, of course —
Rom. But I see two, I'll ~~swear~~.
Mer. Then you see double.
Rom. There's the other there (*points to Juliet*).
Mer. Another? Bless me! 'tis too brilliant far.
Call that a moon? It is a glorious star.

Rom. Call that a star? by what arrangement, pray?

Mer. Why, don't you know? The star of our new play.

Rom. You speak in *meteor*-phor, now pray have done. What is't o'clock?

Mer. Four-quarters after one.

Song, "Juliet." *Air*, "*Five o'clock in the Morning.*"

My father is snugly in his bed,
Taking his morning nap;
My aunt has stuffed her waterfall
Under her snow-white cap;
The crickets are singing merrily;
While I, all danger scorning,
Sit quietly eating pickled limes,
At two o'clock in the morning.

Then what care I for costly gems,
Or silks and satins fine?
I know full well when daylight comes
That those will all be mine.
Alone on my father's balcony,
Far, far, from fashion's warning,
I'm happier far with my pickled limes,
At two o'clock in the morning.

Rom. Mercutio, it's really getting late:
You know that your mamma for you will wait;
You'd better go.

Mer. Oh, no! I thank you, chum!
My ma will look for me when I'm to *hum*.
I'll stay a while.

Rom. Mercutio, listen now,
'Tis not the time of night to pick a row.

There's an old proverb, really 'tis well done,
That two is company, and three is none.
Now, pray consider —
Mer. You are right, 'tis so:
As two is company, you'd better go.
Rom. Oh, pshaw! Mercutio have no more such fun.
Mer. He's scared at jests who never made a pun.
Rom. But, soft! what light in yonder window lies?
It is the (*y*)east.
Mer. There's something on the rise.
Rom. It is the east, and Juliet is the sun —
Arise! fair sun.
Mer. Oh, murder! do have done,
Of grammar you are making fearful slaughter.
What gender makes a son of Capulet's daughter?
Rom. Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon —
Mer. You are getting to the killing part too soon.
Rom. Who is already sick and pale with grief —
Mer. Then give it a dose of Radway's Ready Relief.
Rom. She speaks, yet she says nothing —
Mer. Nary word;
Upon my life, such silence ne'er was heard.
Rom. See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
Mer. Because she's tired: can't you understand?
Rom. Oh! would I were some gloves upon thy —
Mer. *Pause!*
Or else old Capulet 'll have us in his claws.
Rom. That I might print a kiss upon that cheek!
Mer. Hold on a moment ere you further speak:
You're getting cheeky with you're warm address.
If you must print, go try the printing-press.

Jul. Ah, me! ah, me! ah, me! oh, my!
Rom. She speaks.
Mer. She's got a meteor in her eye,
Rom. Oh, speak again, bright angel!
Mer. So I will:
You'll catch the rheumatism by standing still.
Rom. Shut up; she speaks.
Jul. O Romeo! Romeo, say
Wherefore, oh, wherefore art thou Romeo, pray?
Rom. Well, really, madam, that's a poser, rather:
I really think you'd better ask my father.

Song, "Romeo." *Air*, "*Pat Molloy.*"

At fourteen years of age I was a tall and strapping lad:
My father had the oil-fever, and had it awful bad.
"I'm hard up, Romeo," says he, "and cannot raise the tin:
"My copper stocks are getting low; I really must give in."
He put my best clothes in a bag, and put it on my back,
And, with his knotty walking-stick, gave me a parting whack.
"Get out of this, my boy," says he, "and remember, as you go,
Old Montague's your daddy, and your name is Romeo."

Jul. Deny thy father, and refuse thy name,
Call thyself Smith or Jones, 'tis all the same;
Or, if thou art inclined to give it me,
I'll pack my trunk and go along with thee.
Rom. Shall I hear more, or had I better —
Mer. Wait,
Give her a chance, she'll pop the question straight.
Jul. What's in a name?
Mer. Why, often there's a letter.
Jul. Pickles by any other name taste all the better,
And so would Romeo—

Mer. Oh, dear! here's a row:
She's got you in a precious pickle now.
Jul. Romeo, doff thy name now, that's a dear;
For Mrs. Montague would sound so queer:
I do not like it; for thy name mine take;
A better bargain you did never make.
Rom. I'll take thee at thy word: I'll change my nature,
And get my name changed by the legislature.
Mer. Not in *our* General Court can you, I'll swear:
They change not names, but only color, there.
Jul. What lads art thou beneath my window met?
Mer. Lads! With a ladder we'd be nearer yet.
Rom. I know not how, dear saint, to tell you that,
Because my name is written in my hat,
And you don't like it. I would rub it out,
If there was any rubber here about.
Jul. Whist! how came you here, and why?
My father's fence is very sharp and high,
And should he find you here —
Mer. The ugly cuss
Would straight salute us with a blunderbuss.
Rom. With love's light wings did I the fence o'erleap
On sounding pinions —
Mer. Ain't you getting steep?
Jul. I cannot hear you; pray come nearer, love.
Rom. Oh! that I had wings to mount above.
Mer. Wings? Pshaw! a stouter platform you will need
If that fond purpose in your eye I read.

(*Rolls in barrel of flour from* L.; *places it beneath balcony, and assists* ROMEO *to mount it.*)

Here is the article, and just the size,
Placed in your east, 'twill help you to *arise.*
Now mount, my hero, spread your softest talk,
And, while you're busy, I'll go take a walk.
Be careful of your feet, or, by the powers,
Our next tableau'll be "love among the *flours.*" *Exit,* L.

Jul. By whose direction found you out this spot?

Rom. 'Tis put down in the Directory, is it not?

Jul. If you are found here, you'll be murdered straight,
So pray bogone —

Rom. I think I'd rather wait.
Fear not for me my jewel, on my word,
Your eyes cut deeper than the sharpest sword.
Oh! beauteous Juliet, fairest of the fair,
Within my heart a roaring flame I bear.
I'm over ears in love within this hour. (*Stumbles on barrel.*)

Jul. Be careful, you'll be over ears in flour.

Rom. If thou wouldst have me paint the home
To which I'd bear thee when our nuptials come,
Listen. In a deep vale where huckleberries grow,
And modest sun-flowers blossom in a row,
Where blooming cabbage rears its lofty head,
And fragrant onion spreads its lowly bed,
A yellow cottage, with a chimney tall,
Lifts to eternal summer its shingled wall.
From out a bower made musical with frogs,
Who chant their wild lays in the neighboring bogs,

At noon we'd sit beneath the arching vine,
And gather grapes to make our winter wine;
And when night came we'd guess what star
Should next attract us to the op — era;
And then —

Jul. Oh, pshaw! give o'er,
Your yellow-covered cottage is a bore;
For cabbages and onions find new names:
I mean to have rooms at the new St. James.
And if you love me it is surely fair —

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear —

Jul. Oh! swear not by the moon.

Rom. Well, then, I won't.
What shall I swear by?

Jul. Swear not at all, my dear.

Rom. What! not a swear? Oh, this ain't love, 'tis clear!

Cap. (*outside*). Ho, Juliet! Juliet, are you there? I cannot find my nightcap anywhere.

Rom. Who's that?

Jul. My father. Oh, the deuse's to pay!

Rom. I wish the old man was *farther* any way.

Cap. (*outside*). Juliet!

Jul. Coming, coming soon.

Rom. I wish old Capulet was the man in the moon.

Jul. Good night, dear Romy; tie your ears up tight.

Rom. And wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied? 'taint right.

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have, my blade?

Rom. Why, that of giving you a serenade.

("*Mocking Bird*," *Whistling serenade, by* ROMEO.)

Song, "Juliet." *Air*, "*Listen to the Mocking Bird.*"

My father now has spoken, has spoken, has spoken,
My father now has spoken,
And the whistling lad is ringing in my ear.
I feel like one heart-broken, heart-broken, heart-broken,
I feel like one heart-broken,
For my Romey can no longer linger here.
Listen to the whistling lad,
Listen to the whistling lad,
The whistling lad who pipes his merry lay
Listen to the whistling lad,
Listen to the whistling lad,
Who whistles where the yellow moonbeams play.

I'm dreaming now of Romey, of Romey, of Romey,
I'm dreaming now of Romey,
And the tender, tender words he spake to me.
To the opera he shall beau me, shall beau me, shall beau me,
To the opera he shall beau me,
And I the happiest maid in town will be.
Listen to the whistling lad, &c.

Cap. (*without*). Juliet, I say, ho! Juliet, do you hear?

Jul. Coming, papa; and now good-night, my dear. *Exit.*

Rom. Good-night, good-night; parting were such sweet sorrow,
I'll come again and try it on to-morrow. *Exit*, L.

Enter MERCUTIO, L.

Mer. Is this a bottle which I see before me?
The nozzle towards my mouth. Come, let me pour thee.
I have thee not; and yet I'll ~~swear~~ I saw

Thee just as plain as this which now I draw. (*Draws bottle from his pocket.*)

Song, "*Mercutio.*" *Air*, "*Rootle tum, tootle tum ta.*"

Mercutio, you have been told,
Was a gay boy of old:
One Shakspeare his story has told
In a humorous sort of a way.
He was fond of a nice little game,—
Any game you can name.
Would see you, and go it again.
Rootle tum, tootle tum tay.
For frolic or fighting quite ready,
You could hardly, I think, call him steady.
Rootle tum, tootle tum, tootle tum, tootle tum,
Tootle tum, tootle tum tay.

Of his virtues we oft have been told
By this wise bard of old;
But his vices he didn't unfold,
But just kept them out of the way.
A patron he of the race-horse,
And the turf,—what is worse,
Was given to betting, of course.
Rootle tum, tootle tum tay;
So a moral to put if you're willin,
I'll make him a sort of a villain.
Rootle tum, tootle tum, &c.

Ha! ha! ha! this Romeo, silly looney,
Has, on old Capulet's daughter, got quite spooney;
And now to wed her he is nothing loth.
Ha! ha! he'll find my fingers in the broth.
He's ordered cards for Wednesday — Park-st. Church:
Mayhap his bride will leave him in the lurch;
I'll marry her myself, or rot in prison.

Why should'nt she be mine as well as his'n?
I do remember an apothecary, or rather orter,
Who, somewhere hereabouts, sells soda-water.
I'll hie to him, and high this bottle fill,
With laughing gas. Ha! ha! my heart be still.
We'll block this little game, that's very plain;
Conscience, avaunt! Mercut*h*'s himself again.

Turns and meets CAPULET, *who has entered from door, c., with revolver.*

Cap. So, so, my early bird you've caught a worm:
Keep still, you stupid, don't begin to squirm;
Explain this early visit if you can.
Mer. "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man."
Cap. Oh! that won't do, shut up, you silly elf:
I do the old man's business here myself.
Your business here? My name is Cap—
Mer. —You let
Me off, and I won't come again, you bet.
I came to look at yon revolving moon.
Cap. You'll get a taste of my revolver soon.
Mer. You have a daughter—
Cap. What is that to you?
Mer. Nothing, but she is very fair to view:
Her name is Juliet—
Cap. I knew that before.
Mer. You did? Well, you're a smart old man, I'm sure.
A pretty name; what is her dowry, pray?
Cap. A hundred thousand on her wedding-day.
Mer. The noble Plaster Paris seeks her hand?

Cap. Yes, and to marry him is my command.

Mer. O wild old man! I came to ope your eyes,
To save you from a fearful sacrifice.

Cap. How, now? speak out! you rouse my wildest fears!

Mer. Hush, hush, old man! they say the walls have ears.
To save you fifty thousand dollars, I agree,
If for one moment you will list to me.
Paris to take her gets a hundred thousand plum:
I'll marry her for just one-half the sum. *Exit*, L.

Cap. Get out, you scamp! I am completely sold:
I'll back to bed, for it is bitter cold,
And I've been bit already; but to-morrow
I'll give that girl a taste of early sorrow;
Pack up her crinoline, and off she'll go
To Di——o Lewis, or Professor Blot. *Exit*, R.

Enter JULIET *from house.*

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! I forgot to say—
Why, he is gone — oh! for the trumpet's bray,
The watchman's rattle, or the fire-alarm,
To lure him back —

Enter MERCUTIO, L. (*wrapped in a domino*), *eating a sandwich.*

Mer. It's really getting warm.
How tender sweet taste sandwiched tongues by night
To hungry stomachs! — now I feel all right.

Jul. Romeo —

Mer. My sweet.

Jul. When shall we wedded be?

Mer. What's that? when wedded? Dear me, let me see.

Hush! love, a fearful tale I have to tell,
That but a moment since on me befell.
Your father swore point blank that you should marry
Only that spooney, the young Plaster Paris.

Jul. Never! I'll be an old maid first.

Mer. Now, don't you fret:
I'll fix his flint; we may be happy yet.
Just take this bottle, wrap your shawl around,
And hie you off to Capulet's burying-ground.

Jul. What is it, ketchup or Peruvian dye?

Mer. No matter, dear: just ketch it up and fly.
When you get there, imbibe a goodly dose,
Then near the tomb of Capulet hide you close.
Just read the label, sweet, before 'tis taken:
My precious jewel, it must be well shaken.
Hush! I hear a voice, a footstep too, beware!
Remember, burying-ground and gas, you'll find me there.

Duet, "Mercutio and Juliet." Air, "We Merry-hearted Marched Away." (Grand Duchess.)

Jul. Well, well, my love, I'll start away,
Your strange request to quick obey;
Equip myself in hat and shawl,
And meet you 'neath the church-yard wall.

Mer. She don't suspect — it is all right;
I'll be a happy dog to-night;
Rob Romeo of his darling spouse,
And 'neath the church-yard wall carouse.

"*I Love the Military.*"

Both Oh, I'll / you'll } run for my / your } millinery,
Run for my / your } millinery, run for my / your } millinery;
Oh, yes, I'll / you'll } quickly run and get my / your } shawl.

(*Repeat, and Dance off*, R.)

Enter ROMEO, L.

Rom. My sweet, my dove.

Enter JULIET, R.

Jul. What, back again so soon?
Why, you're as wayward as the silver moon.
Rom. My dear, I came to fix our wedding-day.

CAPULET *appears at door*, C., *with pitch-fork.*

Cap. I'll fix you!
Rom. Murder!
Jul. Don't, father, pray.
Rom. Oh, dear!
Jul. Oh, my!
Cap. Well, sirrah, how is that?
Rom. Help, help, Mercutio!
Cap. You are cutting fat.

Enter MERCUTIO, L.

Mer. Holloa, old man! 'tis time you were in bed:
Just let me fix your night-cap on your head.

Pulls his night-cap over his eyes.

Chorus. Air, "*Sabre du mon père.*"

Pull on your night-cap, your night-cap, your night-cap!
Pull on your night-cap, and take yourself to bed.
(*Repeat.*)

(*Quick change.*)

SCENE 2. *A Wood.*

(*Should it be found necessary to drop the curtain, scene* 2 *and scene* 3 *can be run into one.*)

Enter MERCUTIO, L.

If I had a beau for a soldier would go,
Do you think I'd marry him? No, no, no!
And so must not Miss Juliet, that is flat,
Bestow her hand, her money, and all that,
On such a reckless, foolish, soft young man
As Romeo, who would join the Klux Klux Kahn
Because old Capulet, o'er his gin and water,
Has vowed he shall not carry off his daughter.
Such carryings-on are very bad, no doubt;
And so my little game I'll carry out.
Oh, ch! — this midnight roaming suits not me,
This influenza shall not influence me,
Ah, ch— would I were safe in bed!
There's cold without and cold within my head.
'Tis time this little maid should be along;
I'll while away the time with a ch — ch — song

Song, "*Mercutio.*" *Air,* "*French Sneezing-Song.*"

I'm really very stiff and cold
As you can very plainly see;

This mild spring weather here, somehow,
Has raised the very deuse with me.
My eyes are getting red and weak,
My nose appears inclined to freeze;
And, when I seek to raise my voice,
I only raise a sneeze, sneeze, sneeze.
Too ral la, too ral la, &c.

O Juliet Capulet! my love,
To keep me waiting 'tis a sin:
This May-day weather will, I fear,
Put out the flame of love within.
My heart with love is burning high,
My bones with cold are like to freeze:
For you I seek to raise a sigh,
But only raise a sneeze, sneeze, sneeze.
Too ral la, too ral la, &c.

Mercutio, you're a silly goose
To choose a maid so very cruel:
This midnight prowl for you, I fear,
Will end in rheumatiz and gruel;
And then, should Romeo cross your path,
Prepare to face another breeze:
He'd cut you down in his great wrath,
Nor give you time to sneeze, sneeze, sneeze.
Too ral la, too ral la, &c.

SCENE 3. CAPULET'S *burying-ground. Tomb*, C., *on which is written*, "*No one allowed to pick here withoyt permit of the proprietor.*" *Graves*, R. *and* L., *with headstones facing audience. On* R. *is painted*, "*To be occupied by* JULIET CAPULET;" *on* L., "*To be occupied by* ROMEO MONTAGUE."

Enter JULIET, L., *with basket, bottle, and candle.*

Jul. Here is the place (*dog barks*), our plaguy *Spot*, I say.

You should not follow your mistress in this way.
(*Clock strikes.*) One, two, 'tis now the very time, I think,
When I was bid this sleeping draught to drink.
Oh, dear! suppose this should not work at all;
Suppose this evening Romeo should not call;
Suppose, suppose — oh! I'll leave off supposing,
For really I begin to feel like *dozing:*
And so I'll take a *dose* (*drinks*). Why, this is queer!
What new-found sherry-cobbler have we here?
Narcotic music in my head is ringing
Such blissful airs, I cannot keep from singing.

Song, "*Juliet.*" *Air,* "*O Mio Fernando.*"

Oh mio Romeo, my galliant loverier!
My father's house I've slipped for to meet thee;
But oh! my ducksey, do you be tenderer
Or else a broken-hearted maid I'll be.
If by this cup my senses be capsized
When I have drank this sherry-cobbler down,
Oh! do not, dearest, do not, be surprised,
But wake me gently, Romeo, from my nap.

Jul. To bed, to bed! it's really getting late. (*Knock.*)
What knocking's that? The watchman's at the gate.
What is undone can't be done up, 'tis said.
My hair is down, and so to bed, to bed!

Lies down on grave, blows out candle, R. *Enter* MERCUTIO, L.

Mer. Rest, my maid, lie still and slumber:
Now for my carriage. I've forgot the number:
That is too bad, I ne'er can find mine,
So many are ordered for just half-past nine.

What's to be done? I'm getting in a muss,
I know. I'll take her off instanter in a buss.
Halloo, halloo! Why, here's the deuse to pay,—
Man with a light, and coming down this way!
I'll step aside and of this light keep dark. (*Hides* R.)

Enter ROMEO, L., *dragging child's carriage, containing a large bottle of* Mrs. WINSLOW'S *Soothing Syrup.*

Rom. Bah! I'm chilled through, and hungry as a shark.
I do remember where an oysterman did dwell
Who opened Providence Rivers passing well,
Concocted luscious stews and toothsome roasts
And "Fancys," which are oysters laid on toast.
I would that I to-night within his stall
Might seat myself, and for a good roast call;
But I'm forbid, for I to-night must stir up,
My fainting soul with Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
My Juliet, poisoned, in this churchyard lies;
And I, poor silly fellow!—I—I—cries.
I'll weep no more, but to my Juliet flee.

Knocks down gravestone at head of JULIET.

Get out, you pale-faced slab, make way for me!

Enter MERCUTIO, R.

Mer. Halloo, my gallant youth, is that the way
You with old Capulet's costly marbles play?

Rom. What wretch art thou that thus beseemst the night?

Mer Why, wretch yourself! it seems to me you're tight.

Rom. Are you Mercutio's kinsman, Plas'er Paris?
Or are you Villikins?
Mer. Thank you, I am nary;
But I am Mercutio, who, upon my life,
Had nearly made that maid there be my wife
But for your coming. Now that you have come,
And I'm not wanted, I think I'll go home.
Rom. Stay, vile Mercutio, I see what you're about:
With this 'ere maid you tried to cut me out;
But you shall find that I can cut as well.
A game of turn him out, we'll have, my swell.
You are a sneak, so be a little bolder:
Let's see you knock that chip from off my shoulder.

(*Mercutio blows chip off.*)

A blow. We'll try the manly art.
Mer. The manly art? — oh, no!
We can't do that: it's not for us, you know.
Our legislators keep it for their public play:
'Tis *More-easy* taught in Washington to-day.
Talking of cutting you out here with this lass
I call an insult; but we'll let that pass.
I'll have a pass, and with a cutlass too,

Produces a pair of cutlasses from side.

Draw, villain, draw! I'll have a bout with you, —
The old stage combat, that's the sort,
With an accompaniment on the piano-forte.

Combat to the tune of, "Wood up." MERCUTIO'S *stuck.*

Hold on! I'm stuck, as narrow as a church-pew,
And hardly deep enough: well, it will do.

Ask for me to-morrow, if you will;
And, if I'm not gone, I'll be here still.
I'm *peppered* sore, and nearly *mustered* out.
Now, gentle Romeo, mind what you're about!
You have a country house, and one in town:
A plague on both your houses! burn 'em down!
Have you a cigar? I think I've got a match.

ROMEO *gives* MERCUTIO *a cigar, and holds up his foot, on which* MERCUTIO *strikes a light, and then lights his cigar.*

Thank you, you are a perfect hen to scratch.
From all the many ills of married life
I would have saved you, carried off your wife;
But that's all over, wish you joy, ~~I'll swear~~. So Long.
Good-by! I'm going home to die — my hair.

Exit, L.

Rom. So young to die! Farewell, my gentle friend!
Now to my business I will straight attend.
Here lies my love so snugly covered up,
And near her sits the fatal poisoned cup.
Eyes, look your last; but do not look too long.
I: 'twon't disturb you, love, I'll sing a song.

Song, "*Romeo.*" *Air*, "*Captain Jinks.*"

My Juliet at last I've found,
Stretched out at full length on the ground:
She shows no signs of coming round,
Which causes me much trouble.
But I've a quietus, you see,
tus you see,
tus you see.

And Winslow's Soothing Syrup for me
Will soon end all my trouble.
It will be a story to tell the marines
That we were driven to such extremes,
And came to our end by poisonous means,
Through drinking too much of the balmy.

Rom. Come, fatal syrup, soothe my aching breast;
Come, Mrs. Winslow, come and give me rest.
Here's to my love, hip, hip, hip, hurray!

Tumbles on grave, L.

That's given me a settler any way.

Enter CAPULET, L., *ringing a bell.*

Cap. Lost, lost, lost, strayed, stolen, or run away!
A daughter, anybody seen her, pray?
Robed in a muslin dress, a tender maid,
Of all male creatures very much afraid.
I cannot find her: I am tempest tossed,
And so I toss this bell — lost, lost, lost!

Trio: Air, "*Dear Father come home.*" JULIET, ROMEO, *and* CAPULET.

Jul. Father, dear father! go home, will you, now?
You'll get a bad cold in your head:
I've put out the candle, and, covered up warm,
I'm resting so nicely in bed!

Rom. You'd better clear out, old Capulet, now,
There hardly is room here for you;
Disturb not the rest of a poisoned young pair,
But clear out instanter, now, do!

Jul. } Come do, now do, dear father, sweet father, go home!
Rom. } Will you, will you, old buffer, old buffer, go home?

Cap. Now, do hear the words of this pair,
Which his fingers* repeat as they roam.

* The pianist or leader of the orchestra.

I'll be blessed if such nonsense I'll stand, any way,
No, looneys, I will not go home.

Jul. { Come father, dear father, go home.
Rom. { Old buffer, old buffer, go home.

Cap. Well, here's a pretty kettle of fish, I'll swear. Juliet Capulet, what are you doing there?

Jul. (*Sitting up.*) I'm poisoned, waiting here for Romeo.

Rom. (*Sitting up.*) Well, here I am: I guess we'd better go.

Song, "*Romeo and Juliet.*" *Air*, "*Billy Taylor.*"

Rom. Now, Juliet, that we're free from poison,
We will quickly wedded be.
The loveliest maid man ever set his eyes on
I'll marry in style, quite gorgeously.
Tiddy, iddy, iddy, iddy, ol, lol, li, do,
Jul. Tidy, iddy, iddy, iddy, ol, lol, la.
Rom. Tiddy, iddy, iddy, iddy, ol, lol, li, do.
Tombs. Tiddy, iddy, iddy, iddy, ol, lol, la.

Jul. O Romeo! though you're my deary,
Prithee, listen unto me.
When I go to get my wardrobe, I shall feel quite scary
If it's under lock and key.
Chorus. — Tiddy, iddy, &c.

Cap. Humbug! Do you two young ones 'spose
I'll have this billing under my very nose?
Vile Montague, begone, or you shall sweat!
I'm on my native heath, my name is Capulet.

Jul. Give me my Romeo, or I shall die:
I'll cut him up in little stars —

Rom. Oh, my!

Cap. No, no, my child, you'll cut up no such capers:
Do you want to figure in the Boston papers?
Go home and sew, and so your morals mend:
This fool I'll straight about his business send.
If you two marry — why, then, I'm a noodle,
Who dare dispute me —

Song. Tomb opens, and MERCUTIO *appears as Yankee Doodle.* (*Allegorical dress of America.*)

Mer. Only Yankee Doodle!
Old man, within my home across the water,
I've had my eye upon your handsome daughter,
And sighed to think that two fond lovers here
Should find a home within a tomb so drear.
And so I've opened it to have it aired:
Really, old gent, you should have it repaired.
Being on a yacht race in "The Henrietta,"
To give you a passing call, I thought I'd better.
I'm of a race that likes to see fair play:
My fair one, can I serve you any way?

Rom. Why, that's Mercutio!

Mer. Shut up, will you, now!
I've only doubled, don't you make a row.

Rom. But you were killed —

Jul. And now have come to life.

Mer. Some one spoke, I think —

Rom. It was my wife.

Mer. Don't puzzle yourselves, I'll straightway make it clear.
You know the Spiritualists hold meeting here;

You rapped me, and I went, is that not plain?
So with another *wrap*, I come again.
Cap. Entranced youth, you are not wanted here,
So quickly you had better disappear.
I want my daughter —
Mer. So does Romeo too;
And he shall have her straight, in spite of you.
Cap. Come, sir, you meddle! Mind what you're about!
I'm a belligerent —
Mer. Oh! that's played out.
It will not do all wrongs to redress:
You'll find America in any mess.
So, Romeo, take your wife, and pack your bag:
We'll give you shelter 'neath a starry flag.
Rom. What say you, Juliet? shall we westward go?
Speak up, my darling, do not color so.
Jul. I like those colors well, I do confess:
Those stripes are just the style of my new dress.
Rom. To seek that blissful land, I think we'd orter.
Jul. But I'm so horrid sick upon the water!
Mer. Come, Capulet, your blessing I command;
Then pack up trunks, and off for Yankee land.
Cap. What! end a tragedy without a death?
It's horrible: you take away my breath!
Mer. Then we shall have one sure, let's move along:
We'll end our tragedy with a yachting song.

Finale, "*A Yankee Ship and a Yankee Crew.*"

A Yankee yacht and a Yankee crew,
Tally, hi, ho, you know,

Can beat the world on the waters blue.
Sing high, aloft and alow.
Her sails are spread to the fairy breeze,
The spray sparkling as thrown from her prow;
Her flag is the proudest that floats o'er the seas;
Her way homeward she's steering now.

Chorus. — A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew, &c.

Curtain.

CONTENTS OF READING-CLUB NO. 9.

Antoinette.
Antony to Cleopatra.
Awfully Lovely Philosophy.
Calif, The.
Cheek.
Claribel's Prayer.
Cleopatra Dying.
Dagger Scene from "The Wife," The.
Dandy Fifth, The.
Don Squixet's Ghost.
Gingerbread.
Hannah.
"He and She."
Hero Woman, The.
Holly Branch, The.
Jan Steener's Ride.
Johnny on Snakes.
King's Bell, The.
Legend of Saint Barbara, The.
Legend of the Organ-Builder.
Life in Death.
Little Girl's Song, The.
Lookout Mountain.
Loves of Lucinda.
Man Wich didn't drink Wotter, The.
Make the Best of Every Thing.
Marked Grave, The.
Marriage of Santa Claus, The.
Mice at Play.
No Color Line in Heaven.
Night Watch.
Old Man's Dreams, An.
One-legged Goose, The.
Owl Critic, The.
"Papa says so too."
Poetry of Iron, The.
Right must win, The.
Reviving de Sinners.
Selling the Farm.
Setting a Hen.
She would be a Mason.
Similar Case, A.
Sleep, The.
Song of the North, The.
Spinning-wheel, The.
Time.
Tomato, The.
Tramp of Shiloh, The.
Very Naughty Little Girl's Views.
Widow of Nain, The.

CONTENTS OF READING-CLUB NO. 10.

Autumn Leaves.
Autumn Thoughts.
Baffled Book-Agent, The.
Banker and the Cobbler, The.
Brudder Johnson on 'Lectricity.
Building and Being.
Carcassonne.
Chain of Gold, The.
Charge of the Heavy Brigade.
Christmas Elegy, A.
Clown's Baby, The.
Confession, The.
Conversion of Col. Quagg.
Court Lady, A.
Cruise of the "Monitor," The.
Death of the Old Wife.
Death of Steerforth.
Garfield.
Hark!
How the Colonel took It.
Intensely Utter.
Jackdaw of Rheims, The.
Mate of the "Betsy Jane," The.
Nebuchadnezzah.
No Time like the Old Time.
No Yearning for the Beautiful.
"Ole Marster's" Christmas.
Our Baby.
Parting Lovers, The.
Penitent, A.
Purpose, A.
Round of Life, The.
Ramon.
Rather Embarrassing.
Ravenswood's Oath.
Robert Emmett's Last Speech.
Saving Mother.
Scene from "Mary Stuart."
Serenade, The.
Sharpshooter's Miss, The.
Sooner or Later.
Story of a Stowaway, The.
Squire Houston's Marriage Ceremony.
The Way Rube Hoffenstein sells.
This means You, Girls.
Tickled All Oafer.
Union of Blue and Gray.
Widow to Her Son, The.
Wild Weather Outside.
Young Grimes.

CONTENTS OF READING-CLUB NO. 11.

Abraham Lincoln and the Poor Woman.
Big Ben Bolton.
Bivouac of the Dead, The.
Captain's Tale, The.
Cataract of Lodore, The.
Charge at Valley Maloy, The.
Child's Evening Prayer, The.
Clear Bargain, A.
Closing Scene, The.
Convent Robbing.
Countersign was "Mary," The.
Crutch in the Corner.
Drifted Out to Sea.
"Fall In."
For Life and Death.
Glimpse of Death, A.
Going towards Sundown.
Garibaldi and His Companions.
Kelly's Ferry.
Last upon the Roll.
Leedle Yawcob Strauss: What He says.
Magnificent Poverty.
Mr. Murphy explains His Son's Conduct.
Mysterious Rappings.
Nearer Home.
No Precedent.
Old Man goes to Town, The.
O'thello.
"Mebbe," Joe's True Feesh Story.
Paddy's Metamorphosis.
Pat's Bondsman.
Pericles to the People.
"Picciola."
Red O'Neil, The.
Reflections on the Needle.
Roland Gray.
Second Review of the Grand Army.
Silver Cup, The.
Snow-storm, The.
Speculation.
Suckers on de Corn.
"Treadwater Jim."
Unforgotten Foe, The.
Variegated Dogs.
Virginny.
Washee, Washee.
What saved the Union.
Wonderful Tar Baby Story, The.
Wreck of the White Ship.
Yawcob Strauss.

CONTENTS OF READING-CLUB NO. 12.

Æsthetic Housekeeper, The.
Asking the Gov'nor.
Asleep at the Switch.
Awkward.
Bad Mix, A.
Boys Who Never got Home, The.
Concurrent Testimony.
Cruise of the "Nancy Jane," The.
Discontented Pendulum, The.
Doctor's Wedding, The.
Enoch of Calaveras, The.
Fire! Fire!
Fire-Worshippers, The.
Funny Small Boy, The.
Good-by, Proud World.
How Dennis took the Pledge.
How He Made It.
How Tim's Prayer was answered.
House that Jack built, The.
Ideal of Woman, An.
I have drank my Last Glass, Boys.
Jack at All Trades, A.
Judge Pitman's Watch.
Katie's Answer.
Little Presbyterian Maid, The.
Little Rocket's Christmas.
Lucille's Mistake.
Making Love in the Choir.
Memory.
Money Musk.
Mike McGaffaty's Dog.
Nancy Sykes.
New Church Doctrine, The.
Night after Christmas, The.
"Norval."
Old Knight's Treasure, The.
Only a Crippled Soldier.
Pat and the Pig.
Pegging Away.
Penn's Monument.
Policeman's Story, The.
Postilion of Nagold, The.
Public Grindstone, The.
Scene from "Leah the Forsaken."
Soldiers' Monument, The.
Signing the Pledge.
Sun-Burst.
The Three Little Chairs.
Two Ways of Telling a Story.
Veterans, The.
War with Alcohol, The.

Widener Library
3 2044 079 211 009